

hot ember from the fire, and holding it in his hand, spoke a few words to Miss Douglas on the subject of faith. She held out her hand, and he placed the coal in it. Miss Douglas was not in the least burned, and said that it felt rather cold, like marble. After allowing it to remain there a few seconds, Home took the coal and requested Miss Douglas to touch it; she placed her fingers near it, but withdrew them immediately, saying that it burned her.<sup>1</sup> He then placed it in Mr. Blackburn's hand, previously asking if he had any faith, who replied that he had. After he had held it for a short time he said it became hotter. Home then took the ember, threw it away, smiled, and seemed pleased at the success of the experiment. He now sat down and turning to Lindsay, said, "Ah, what a pity it was that those little *séances* that you held here in the winter were broken up (referring to two or three occasions on which Lindsay, Captain Smith, Home, and I had sat together). We told you that we wished to speak on some very interesting subjects, and we would have done so; we were anxious also to have entered upon the subject of the origin of certain of the ceremonies of your Church. We have such difficulties to contend with; we had got the conditions so very favourable at that time, the party was harmonious and we could have done so much; but then, you see, when we had arranged everything on the spiritual side, it is all broken up on the material,—on your side." Turning to one of those present, he said, "That arrangement of seven with which we impressed Fred (Fuller). Oh! if that could have been managed it would have been of such use. We could and would have conducted a series of experiments so wonderful, so clearly proved, and so easy to record, that it would have been impossible to doubt them." (This had reference to an impression that seven were to form themselves into a society for the study of occult science.) In reply to Fuller, he said,

<sup>1</sup> I am informed by Miss Douglas and the Master of Lindsay that Lord Adare has omitted to state that Mr. Home put this coal between his coat and shirt under the arm, and that no mark of singeing or burning was visible on the shirt.—D.

"We still have hopes about that arrangement; we think there may possibly be a future for it." Home now spoke in a totally different tone of voice, addressing us in the same style and delivery as in the portions of *séances* recorded in pages 158, 159, and 167. He said something to this effect: "You think that baptism is a thing of to-day, a ceremony instituted but 1,800 years ago! Come with me away to the banks of the distant Ganges, travel with me far back in the annals of time, and I will shew you races of men dwelling there who worshipped senseless gods of wood and stone—and yet not much more senseless than the god that some among you worship now—and who had the same ceremony of baptism, which was obligatory for them before an infant could be admitted to the benefits of their church and religion. Will you travel still further back with me into ages long anterior to this, and see the altars dripping with blood—aye, with human blood—and the priest decked with flowers standing in his place, and the people bowing down, and the sacrifices offered. Blood I see on every page—blood! blood! blood! True it is, that in later years it was that of bulls and of goats, of doves and pigeons. And what is your religion now to many of you but blood; still the same—blood to appease a God! Ah, it is fearful—it is too horrible, blood and sacrifice to propitiate your God, your Maker, your Father, the infinitely perfect and loving Creator of all things." Home spoke at great length on these subjects; but I cannot recall to mind the exact language he made use of. After he awoke we had some curious manifestations. A small camp chair was raised off the floor and carried round the table, touching each of us in turn, and finally was placed on the centre of the table, where it remained. The sofa was moved up to us. We received no messages during the *séance*.

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No. 66.—*Ashley House.*

On the 4th or 5th of the month [April, 1869], in the evening, I was seated at the table in Home's room at

Ashley House writing; he was seated at the opposite side, reading; we heard raps upon the door; Home said "Your grandfather has come in, do you not see him sitting in that chair yonder?" "I see no one," I answered; "Which grandfather do you mean?" "Your father's father; you will at any rate hear him." I heard a sound as if some one sitting on the chair he had mentioned had put his foot on the ground. Home, while speaking, went into a trance. The chair moved very slowly up to the table (no one touching it) a distance of eight feet eleven inches. "He is moving the chair," Home said. "He is pleased to be able to do that, he says you never saw a much prettier manifestation than that; Ah! he has gone over there now." Another chair moved close up to me, a distance of about a foot. Home said "He is sitting in that chair near you; he has come because he wishes to speak to you; you are rather in difficulties he thinks." He then spoke to me about certain private matters. Presently Home said: "Your mother does not wish you to think that she forgot you because she said so little about your marriage; she could not say more then, and after all, what could she do more than pray God's blessing upon you in this as she would in everything that you undertake, honestly, and with a desire to do that which is right. She has much more to say on the subject, but not now."

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*No. 67.—Ashley House.*

On the night of the 6th [April, 1869] I got home about eleven o'clock. I found Home already in bed. He told me that he was very unwell; that he had left the house on his way to Gower Street; that he had suddenly lost consciousness on turning out of Ashley Place, and that he remembered nothing more until he found himself in bed. Home soon went to sleep and began to talk and mutter; after what he had said I attributed it to bodily illness, and did not pay much attention, however I soon found that he was in a trance.

The first distinct words he uttered were "But I am not an Hindoo." The room shook for some minutes very violently as if people were dancing on the floor below. Home said, "Oh, do stop that dancing, they must not do it, it is not kind." The shaking of the floor almost immediately ceased; I asked if people had been dancing below, but received no answer. Home turned to me and speaking in a firm loud voice, said, "Ah, dear me, the poor little dog has gone!" "What dog?" I asked. "Why, little white sister<sup>1</sup>—she has gone just now. Are you not sorry, Adare? They will be so grieved about it. She has passed from earth; but she is not destroyed, she is like a little spark of electricity, now a small globe of light, it is moving on, in time it will come in contact with some other substance and be absorbed." "Absorbed into what?" I asked. "Oh, into some higher form of animal life. Some spirits could catch it, for although I said it was like a little globe of light, still you know on leaving the body it had the appearance of the little dog, and some spirits might capture it and keep it for a time, but eventually it would be absorbed, for that is the law of nature, and they could not overrule it. It has no sensation or consciousness now; its condition of being, its organization, was not sufficiently high to permit of its retaining its individuality." "But," I said, "are there not animals in the other world?" "Oh dear yes, God in his goodness has made variety in the spirit world, as he has in your world; there would be no beauty without variety; there are dogs and horses and many animals. The Red Indians were not wrong in their ideas of the 'happy hunting ground,' their Seers saw these things in visions, and they really exist." "But," I observed, "although they might hunt they could never kill the animals." "Oh no, of course they could not shed their blood, but they could conquer them; it is difficult for you to understand, but

<sup>1</sup> A little dog belonging to Mrs. S. C. Hall. Home, I believe, knew that the dog was ill; but could not have heard of its death, which took place between 10 and 11 o'clock. I had no idea that the dog was even ill.

you know yourself that the real charm of all hunting consists rather in showing your superiority over the animal, in overcoming it, than in the mere shedding of blood and killing." "But," I asked, "if some animals retain their individuality, and continue to exist in the next world under the same form that they had here, and others are as you say absorbed, where is the line drawn? What is it that causes one to be absorbed, while another retains its individuality?" "Oh, I do not say that the animals in the next world ever existed on earth, it does not seem to me that they did, I only know that they are there, and I see that the life of animals upon earth is eventually absorbed into other forms. I do not know that your animals ever continue to exist in the spirit-world."

"You heard those Hindoos dancing just now?" "Yes," I answered, "I heard what I thought were people dancing on the floor below us." "Oh, it was not caused by mortals, there is no one living on that floor now; they were spirits—Hindoos." "What on earth do they want here," I asked. "Well, they are very anxious about their Trinity." "But why should that bring them here?" "They do not seem to have any special object in being here, but they are occupied with that subject, and that is why they are on earth; they are very advanced Hindoos, and they want to prove that their Trinity is not different from your Trinity as you suppose; there is a good deal going on now in the world in the way of investigating these subjects. These Hindoos are anxious about this; they say there is not so much difference as you think; for instance, they assert that their second person Christna was incarnated as your second person Christ was." Question: "Had they a personal devil?" "Yes; and they say that Christna was tempted of the devil in the same way as Christ." The substance of Home's conversation after this I forget; it led somehow to his saying, "When this zone shall have become torrid, of course the forms of animals and vegetable life will be much changed." Question: "Do you mean that the temperature is changing?" "Oh, yes, these will be the torrid zones, and the torrid zones will become cooler;

there is a very marked change taking place now."

Question: "I suppose the change will be so gradual, that life will not be affected?" "Life will not be affected, the change is gradual, but it is quite apparent to us."

Question: "Has the heat of the two last seasons anything to do with this, or was it quite abnormal?"

"No, it was not entirely abnormal, it had to do with the great change that is taking place." Question:

"Then will the frigid zones round the poles become warmer?" "Oh yes, certainly; do you know it is true

that there is land to the North beyond where explorers have yet penetrated, and there are tribes of men living there, and they yet retain the traces of a by-gone civilization. They are of the old Semitic or original Hebrew race."

Question: "But how could they ever get there; it could not have been in historic times?" In answer

to this question, I distinctly heard a voice quite different to Home's say, "*Oh dear, no.*" Home said, "Did you

hear him?" "Yes," I answered, "I heard him quite plain." "I am glad you did; he said '*Oh dear, no.*'

He is rather difficult to understand, this spirit; he seems a little confused, but he declares he has seen these people,

and that he could bring the spirit of one of them with him. He says there are distinct traces of Hebrew to be

found in their language. You know there are traces of the old original Hebrew in the language of the Brahmins.

The ancient Hebraic tribes were a most migratory people, always wandering and fighting; their idea even of God

was a warlike, bloodthirsty being, and they were always fighting and quarrelling among themselves and their neighbours,

and doing so in the name of the Lord. They have wandered all over the earth, and have left their marks in many places.

There are signs of a civilization that you know nothing of, in North America; it was derived from the same source. Historians have conjectured

that they crossed the narrow channel of a few miles in breadth; and they are correct. As to those

people I spoke of in the North, they penetrated there long before history; oh, there were lions and tigers in

these latitudes at that time. The Hebrews were very

bad historians ; they kept no records ; tradition served as history for them, even in very much later times ; they were very careless, and kept their records very badly." I remarked, "What an interesting thing it would be to reach these people if they exist." "This spirit declares that it will be done ; he says there is an expedition fitting out now, and he thinks it will be successful." "Fitting out in England ?" I asked. "No in America ; it seems that this spirit is interested in it, and that is the reason why he is on earth." "Have I ever known him ?" I enquired. "Oh dear no, he has left the earth long ago." "How interesting it would be," I remarked, "to go on such an expedition." Home laughed at me and said, "Yes, you look very like going on that sort of an expedition just now ; look and feel very strong don't you, just at present ; quite fit to go through that awful bitter cold ?" Home reverted to the Hindoos, and then began speaking about Spiritualism in general. "Oh !" he said, "what a blessing it is to know that the world will one day be spiritualised, that mortal man in the flesh will walk and talk face to face with his brother, who has left the body." "Well," I observed, "I do not see much likelihood of that time coming soon ; if it were so, death would no longer have any terrors, it would not be even a separation." "You cannot see it, but I can ; what I say will inevitably come true. Death ought not to be considered a separation, death is a development, and should have no terrors ; was it not part of Christ's mission to take away the sting and terror of death ?"

I began speculating as to the probability of the population ever becoming excessive over the whole earth. Home said, "No, that will not be the case ; when countries become much over populated, the people are carried off by epidemics, by emigration and other causes." "But emigration," I said, "only relieves one country at the expense of another. If population increases as it does at present, the time must come when there will be no outlet for emigrants ; and surely it cannot be natural or right that people should be carried off by plagues and famines." "Epidemics and famines are quite in the

natural order of things; and the misery resulting from them may seem much greater to you than it in reality is." "But still," I insisted, "such things do cause great distress." "Yes, to a certain extent you are of course right; and there are other causes that will eventually act to check the increase of the human race. Cannot you understand that men, by cultivating the intellectual qualities, the higher organs contained in the upper portion of the brain will arrive at such a condition, that their sole gratification and pleasure will be in the pursuit of all that is beautiful, harmonious, and good?—the upper portions of the brain will become more fully developed, the lower parts being neglected will become less and less, the animal nature weaker, and man will no longer find the same pleasure in the gratification of his lusts and passions; man will become spiritualised, and will be very different to what he is now." Soon after this, Home awoke. He spoke for such a length of time, that a great deal of what he said has entirely escaped my memory.

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Allan Kardec died on Sunday the 4th. On the Wednesday or Thursday following, as Home and I were in the dressing room, at about 11 o'clock in the morning, we heard loud raps on the floor between us. The alphabet was asked for and the following message given: "*Bon jour, mon ami Daniel, je crois que je me suis trompé un peu la bas en fait d'identité. Allan Kardec.*" Home asked a few questions which were answered by raps.

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No. 68.—*Ashley House, April 10th [1869].*

Last night Mr. J—— and I walked to Ashley House with Home from Fitzroy Square. Home complained of feeling nervous, as is usually the case after an unsuccessful *séance*. He sat down at the piano, and commenced playing; while so engaged he went into a trance.



I extinguished one of the candles, and placed the other on the floor. We heard sounds as of some one walking up and down the passage, and raps upon the door and walls. Mr. J—— felt, during the whole evening, a strong current of very cold air blowing about him. Home walked about the room apparently in great distress; he moaned and sat down on the floor and seemed to mourn over something. Suddenly the character of the influence changed. Home came over to where I was sitting on the sofa, and made me lie at full length upon it; by the attitude he assumed I recognized the spirit he calls "the nameless doctor." He stood beside me apparently lost in thought for a minute or two, then kneeling down, made me unbutton my waistcoat, began sounding my chest as doctors do; he then rubbed and patted over the chest, loins, and legs, occasionally turning round as if to ask advice from some one; his efforts were principally directed to my right side, he frequently pointed to it and turned his head as if to call some one's attention to that particular spot. He placed his mouth to my right side and exhaled a deep breath; the heat I felt was something extraordinary. When he had finished, Home seemed pleased with what he had done, smiled and rubbed his hands as if delighted. The first influence now seemed to return; he sat down on the floor evidently in great distress; then lay flat on his back and extended his arms in the form of a cross. His body became rigid and he was palpably elongated, and was almost raised off the ground; he may have been completely off, but I think not; it was evident, however, by the swaying vibratory motion of his body that it was not resting naturally on the ground. While this was taking place two chairs moved slightly of themselves. Home got up, knelt upon one knee, and simulated a man endeavouring to raise a heavy body. He appeared to fail once or twice; at last he raised it, and supporting it on his knee, carried it with great difficulty to a chair near at hand, where he placed it and sat down on the floor, apparently much exhausted. He beckoned to me, and when I approached told me in French to bring a chair, and sit near him;

I did so, and he spoke in French somewhat to the following effect. "What we have been trying to represent to you by acting, is the condition of Allan Kardec. The body that was extended on the ground in the form of a cross, and that was elongated, was his; he suffered a good deal for truth; and in symbolism as you know, the cross signifies truth; but then he was not enlightened; he refused the light, he was obstinate, and would not enlighten himself upon it, and that makes him unhappy now; it seems to weigh upon him, he cannot raise himself above his former ideas and prejudices. We tried to represent that by the difficulty of raising the heavy body. He is sitting here in this chair; he does not move; he would not come into the room at first, you heard him walking in the passage. There are many spirits here of his 'entourage.' Of his followers, and he had many of them, some of the spirits will not come into the room, I know not why; you hear them in the passage; there are two just behind here that I do not like at all." Presently Home gave a cry almost amounting to a scream, and shuddering pointed to the opposite side of the room and said in English, "Who are those fearful looking men? Oh, what are they doing? They are eastern, their feet are bare, as also their legs up to the knees, they will not show their faces, they cover them with a sort of cloak; oh this is horrible, they are hiding and lying in wait for something. They are so totally undeveloped, so earthy and material, they could shed blood, they could take man's life." "Do you mean," I said, "to tell me that these spirits could kill a man?" "Oh yes," he answered, "they could, but they can do no harm here at all; it was in a city where the sun cast broad alternate bands of light and shadow; I can see them among the olive trees gliding in and out; they are so fearfully undeveloped, so material; they could harm a man if he had not power over them; *that* must come by prayer." I asked Mr. J—— if he had any idea what all this meant. He replied, "Yes, I think I know." Home got up, took a striped rug off the sofa, and covering his shoulders, head, and face with it, began walking about the room in a

stealthy manner, hiding behind the furniture, and crawling about flat upon the ground, apparently lying in wait for some one. Suddenly he put his hand upon the candle, and left us in almost total darkness. I could just distinguish him gliding about the room, and crawling on the floor. At one time he stood up and was elongated; he came close to me and said, "What did they do to his brother?" "Whose brother?" said Mr. J——. "Why, yours." "Oh, good gracious," cried Mr. J——; "How strange"; and so saying he sank back into his chair. Home added, "He is not dead; he is quite safe." I spoke two or three times to Mr. J—— after this, but received no answer. Home said, "He is under influence." Presently, Home sat down on the floor beside me and said, "He is under influence; the tall strong man who is influencing him will move something." A chair behind me moved of itself. Home leaned his head against my knee; it appeared most extraordinarily heavy. I placed my hand upon it, and the weight was removed. "Did you feel," he said, "the weight on Dan's head? That was the influence of only one of those men; they are so strong, so very material." Mr. J—— became much affected; he sobbed violently, seemed in great distress, spoke in Arabic with great rapidity, and said, "Oh, S—— S——" (his brother's name), and then "Chalini! chalini!" which means "Leave me! leave me!" I began asking Home about what had puzzled me very much, namely, his having asserted that spirits could do bodily harm to man. He said, "Yes, they can; I will tell you later. Dan must awake to take the influence off J——." Home suddenly awoke, and asked what was going on. I told him that Mr. J—— was under influence, upon which he took his hands, and he immediately awoke, and was much astonished at finding that he had been crying violently.

I slept in Home's room; after we had gone to bed he went into a trance and said "Of course not; why of course they could not, Adare." "Could not do what?" I asked. "Why, could not do harm here." "You are referring to those spirits," I said. "I never thought

they could do harm here ; but could they hurt a man under any circumstances ? ” “ Yes, they could ; you see his brother had been mixed up in some magical incantations, where sacrifices were offered. Now, if a man sold himself to such spirits as those, if he gave himself to them for any purpose, they could do as they liked with him.” “ But,” I asked, “ could they take his life ? Could they for instance strike him with a knife ? ” “ Certainly, why not ? you have seen tables, chairs and heavy objects moved by a spirit, why not a knife also.” “ But that would not be fair play, he could not strike them back,” I said. “ No, he could not ; but they could not touch him unless he was willing. You see it would be necessary that he should have allowed them to gain power over him, if for any purpose he did that, they could then so use their influence as to make him do whatever they chose. They did not hurt his brother, they carried him off, it was as if he had fallen among bandits.<sup>1</sup> There is more truth than you suppose in the stories of the old magicians, and the precautions they adopted to protect themselves from the undeveloped and material influences with which they surrounded themselves. Your mother stood just behind you when Dan’s head became so heavy against your knee ; she influenced you to put your hand on his head, she was anxious a little about Dan, a little fearful that he might be hurt. Of course you know no harm could come to him.” Home now awoke, he had a distinct impression of the sort of influence that had been about him, and said “ I feel very strange, so dreadfully crafty and sly, if I were to give way to my feelings I should do all sorts of curious things, I should hide behind the curtains, and go to Mr. J——’s room and try to frighten him.” I told Home a little of what had occurred so as to account for these strange feelings.

<sup>1</sup> I am not certain whether this sentence conveys Home’s meaning quite correctly.

## No. 69.

[The following account of what occurred to Mr. J—— during the night, was related to me by him two or three days afterwards. He said]:—

“I went to bed in the spare room, but did not immediately put out the candle. I was lying with my face turned towards the wall, when suddenly the bed-clothes were pulled so violently as nearly to uncover me. I jumped up in bed, and the movement ceased. After watching a few minutes I lay down and the clothes were again sharply pulled. This was repeated three times; I could not detect anything touching the clothes, in fact the moment I sat up to watch all movement ceased. While this was going on I heard distinct raps all about the room. I now turned round and saw a number of figures near the window, moving about, apparently conversing; they were of a grey or whitish colour, the features in profile were very distinct, and the hands especially so; but I could not see how they rested on the floor, as the lower extremities finished in vapour or cloud. I used every means in my power to induce them to look at me and answer my questions, by raps or otherwise, but in vain. I begged them to speak, and exercised my will as forcibly as I could to make them do so, but they would not take the slightest notice of me; I accordingly got out of bed and slowly approached them. When I was within about three paces of them they divided in two rows on each side of the window, as if to allow me to pass, and turning round, bent their heads and looked down towards me; at the next step they all separated, and I experienced a feeling of intense cold; when close upon them they disappeared. I walked slowly backwards, and when I had retreated three or four yards, the forms became visible. I went to bed but never closed my eyes; the figures remained near the window moving about as if in conversation, until a quarter to seven when they disappeared. After going towards them the first time, in order to make sure that I was thoroughly

awake, I went to a cupboard, opened it, and found a box of brown biscuits of which I ate two; I also found a Highland sporran, and read the monogram on the hilts of the knives. After dressing in the morning, I examined the cupboard, found the box of biscuits, and ascertained that I had read the monograms correctly; I also walked all over the house during the night in search of Home's room, but could not find it. I spoke to the figures repeatedly in English, not in Arabic."

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No. 70.

[The following strange story was also related to me on the same occasion by Mr. J——. As it evidently bears upon the occurrences related in p. 249, I have determined to break through the rule hitherto adhered to of relating only what took place in my own presence. I had the story direct from Mr. J——, who received it from his brother. Mr. J—— at my request wrote to his brother in the East, to enquire if anything had happened to him on the Friday when the strange occurrences mentioned in pp. 249, 250, took place, but no answer has as yet been received.]

"About three years ago, my brother S. was residing in my father's house, in the town of ———, in the East, studying 'Nahawi,' that is the grammatical Arabic, the language of the 'Koran'—quite a different tongue from the vernacular. One day he was much astonished at receiving an answer in 'Nahawi' from a poor labouring man, to whom he had addressed some question; he entered into conversation, and found that this man was well educated, and he also noticed that in the evening he was dressed in a style quite incompatible with his rank of life; in fact he appeared much superior to the class to which he belonged. One day, soon after their first meeting, this labourer, whom I will call 'the native' as I cannot mention his name, told my brother that he had

something of importance to communicate if he would promise secrecy. He then informed him that in a field outside the town, belonging to his father, there was something buried that he was determined to obtain by means of what in the East is called 'magic'; he said that he had already tried but had failed, that he was determined to succeed even at the risk of his life, but that it was necessary for him to obtain the co-operation of some member of the family; if my brother would assist him, he promised to give up anything of value that might be found, bargaining only to be allowed to keep a certain scroll or parchment. My brother agreed, and on the following Friday they commenced operations. I may mention here that in Mahomedan countries it is supposed that Friday is the only day on which magic can be successfully practised. S. and the native left the town just before the gates were shut, at sunset, and proceeded to the field in question; arrived there they sat down cross-legged on the ground, at right angles to each other, and about four or five yards apart, the native warning S. not to mind him, and on no account to scream, as that would involve considerable danger to both. The native commenced burning incense and repeating invocations or prayers, bowing his head to the ground; very soon loud thrusts or blows were heard on the ground and several forms became visible, issuing apparently out of the earth. These figures commenced walking round the two men. On passing S. each figure stooped down and threw a handful of dust into his face; his clothes were covered with dust afterwards. On passing the native, each figure struck him on the head; he, however, took no notice whatever of them, merely bowing his head down, adding fresh incense, and mumbling something to himself. After a time the figures disappeared into the ground, and the native said that all was over for that night.

"On the second Friday the same ceremonies were gone through, except that the incense was of a different kind, with like results; the forms appeared, but suddenly a tremendous shower of dry bones fell over them. S. could not tell where they came from, but they appeared to come

from behind him so as to be directed against the native. The native jumped up and said that something had occurred to interrupt the arrangements, and that they must immediately go.

"On the third Friday the usual invocations and incense burning were gone through, and the figures appeared and commenced walking round, and throwing dust as on the first occasion. Suddenly the figure of a gigantic black man appeared out of the ground, armed with a great stick or club, with which he belaboured the native in the most fearful manner; while a great commotion took place among the other figures—instead of moving slowly round, they were all rushing about as if in a state of great agitation. The native took no notice at first of the black man, merely crouching himself closer to the ground, increasing the ardour of his incantations, and adding fresh incense. At length, however, he said in Arabic, 'Well, well, be it so; if you must have it, you shall.' After this, all was quiet.

"On the following Friday they again went out; but this time the native carried with him a live lamb concealed under his burnous which, after they were seated on the ground, he proceeded to kill and skin. They went through the usual incense burning, &c., &c.; and first the figures appeared, and then the black man rose from out of the ground, and advanced in a menacing attitude towards the native, preparing to strike him with his club. The native held up the lamb to him, and the figure took it and disappeared again into the earth. S. declares that the earth literally opened, and that the black figure descended, bearing the lamb through the aperture. In a few minutes the black figure reappeared, and a conversation ensued between him and the native; the latter seemed very angry, declared that he had complied with all their requests, that the black man was not the spirit that he wanted at all, and that he had been duped. The altercation was suddenly interrupted by a shower of dry bones upon which the figure disappeared; and the native jumped up, seized S.'s arm and hurried him away, saying that they were watched.



"It appears that my father noticed that S. absented himself from home every Friday, and becoming uneasy he set some one to watch him. He was seen to leave the city at sunset in company with this native; but none would follow them, as they did not like the idea of spending the night outside. On the last Friday, however, one bolder than the rest followed them, and concealing himself behind a rock, witnessed their proceedings. On the Saturday following a formal complaint was laid before the Governor of the town, the native was banished for life, and S. came over to England. After an absence of two years, my brother returned to the town, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him, saying: 'Imagine my intense surprise, the same native is here, but no one recognizes him, he says he is determined to go on with his project if I will assist him; I can see no difference whatever in his appearance, he is not disguised in any way, and yet not a soul in the town has the slightest notion that he is the man who was banished three years ago.'"

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*No. 71.—Ashley House.*

On the 10th [April, 1869], Home went into a trance, and said, "Allan Kardec,—apoplexy." "Did he die suddenly?" I asked. "Of apoplexy—fell down stairs. You must not sleep in the same room with Dan at present, it is not good for either of you, your magnetism is mutually injurious, you take strength from each other; your nerves are in an excited state, I can see them emitting a phosphorescent light, they are stretched to the extreme verge of tension." "They are then in an unhealthy state," I said. "Yes, in a condition that must be checked, it is exactly as if you had taken too much stimulant. In the daytime it does not matter how much you are together, it is at night when you are asleep that the injury is done; you are not well; if you slept in the same room with a healthy man it would do you good." "I have been thinking," I said, "that mesmerism might be of service to me,

what is your opinion?" "The magnetism of a strong healthy man would do you much good, the mesmeriser should be a fair man, a few passes every day not sufficient to induce sleep would be of use to you, it would be good for Dan also." "I think change would do me good," I remarked. "Travelling is very good for you." I asked, after a long pause, "Do you think it would also suit Florence's constitution?" Home said, "Oh yes it would not hurt her, but she has a talent that must not be neglected." "What is that—music?" I enquired. "Composition, the composition of music." I said, "You would not like that to be neglected?" "It must not be neglected." "That is rather awkward," I added. "No, it need not be; she would have great facility in learning stringed instruments; for instance the violin; of course they would all laugh at first, but you need not mind that. Dear me, how curious! Oh no certainly not, L—— ought not to pass away." "L—— M—— do you mean?" I asked. "No, L—— N——, she had more influence almost than any of them over O——; her magnetism kept him in check, she has lost it in a great measure now; he is all hoity toity fly-away. What a curious habit he has got into of tossing his head back in that way; dear me, he is very excited, there is something all wrong about it, when I go there it all seems confused, I cannot make it out well!

"Allan Kardec says that spirits very soon forget events that happened on earth, they have no way of computing time; they even forget their birthdays; if they want to get a date they often have to go and look for it." "But why," I said, "should they take the trouble to look for dates? what can it matter to them." "Oh, they are obliged to do so sometimes for tests and things of that sort." Home then awoke.

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*No. 72.—Ashley House.*

On, I think, the 15th [April, 1869], Mr. Ward Cheeney and Mr. Arnold, two Americans, friends of Home came

to see him. Soon after they had gone, I heard raps upon the table at which I was seated. Home was walking about the room at the time. I called his attention to the raps, and he came and sat down near me. The alphabet was called for, and the name "*Carry*" was spelled out. Home said to me "That is Mrs. Cheeney"; then addressing her :—

"I am so glad, dear, that you have come to me again, is Julia with you often?"

"Yes," was answered.

"Why does she not speak to me? Does she not like me?"

"*Oh yes, she is the same as ever, but your mission does not always consist of love messages being given you. When we would do so, we are sometimes unable by reason of your exhaustion; but you know, so long as you are true to God, your mission, and yourself, that we love you.*"

Home, pointing to me, said, "He is going to America." Two raps were made signifying uncertainty; Home added, "I hope you will like him."

"Yes," was said, and then, "*I hope that you may be my earthly habitation when you are there, in order that I may welcome you.*"

Home continued, "He is going to be married; I hope you will like his wife."

"I don't know her. What is her name?"

"Miss Florence Kerr. Will you go and see her?"

Two raps were given, signifying *perhaps*. "Adare will be dining there to-night; will you go with him?"

"Yes; *I shall call her Florence. Do you not find this to be a subject fraught with very vast importance?*"

"Is that message to me?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Certainly, I consider it is a subject of great importance."

"*Standing on the threshold, peering through the chinks.*"

"Of the other world?" I asked.

"Yes."

Home observed "That is just like her, there was a good deal of poetry in her nature; I have some very pretty

lines of hers." He was interrupted by the words "*Such doggerel*," being spelled out; after this the sounds became gradually fainter, and we had no more messages.

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No. 73.—*Ashley House.*

On Friday, the 16th [April, 1869], I was present at a meeting of one of the sub-committees of the Dialectical Society. The *séance* was not satisfactory. The Master of Lindsay, Mr. Bergheim, Home, and myself, afterwards adjourned to Lindsay's room, in Grosvenor Square. We sat round a small table, and had some physical manifestations. Home was in an excessively nervous state. Presently he went into a trance, and began to laugh; he spoke to me for some time as A—— B——. Home then said "That same spirit is here about W—— B——. It is too late now to do all he wanted; he wished to have prevented all this business about X——." "Oh," said Lindsay, "He could have done nothing, for W—— could have no influence over X——." "He says he could have succeeded." "I am sure he could not," continued Lindsay, "for they are not even on speaking terms." "Well, he says that W—— being susceptible, he would have got such influence over him, that X—— would have noticed it, and it would have had a good effect upon him; however, it is too late now, still he wants W—— to meet Dan. He will pass away before his natural time." "Who?" said Lindsay, "W——?" "Yes." "Is he then ill?" I asked. "Oh, no; not in that way; it will probably be in some wild frolic or row, or something of that sort. This spirit used to howl at W—— when he was at school." Lindsay remarked, "That is very curious, I had not thought of it before, but now I remember that W—— told me of that. Did it frighten him?" "Oh, yes; he used to howl at him and frighten him a good deal, so much so that one night he got up and slept with one of the other fellows; he was afraid

to be alone." Home turned to me and said, "You must look out, boy, there seems to be a storm brewing for you." "If you would tell me what it is," I said, "perhaps I might avoid it." "It is of no great consequence; it will be but a storm in a coffee pot. Oh, Dan is very weak, very weak indeed." Home sank back in his chair, he was seized with a violent spasm in the chest, and was in great pain. Presently he said, "They are magnetizing me." He fell into a natural sleep, and awoke in a short time much better. Home went home, I remained some time longer. Lindsay asked Mr. Bergheim to mesmerise him; he did so, and soon put him to sleep. After he had awoke him, Mr. Bergheim asked Lindsay to try upon him, no one having as yet succeeded in mesmerising him. After a few passes, he went off; he became very uneasy, placed his hand on his forehead and said, "It is all wrong." Lindsay asked him whether there was too much weight on his head; whether he should take some off, or put more on. He replied, "No, it is not that, but it is all wrong, I am being cross-mesmerised." (This is curious, as no one else was attempting to influence him.) As he seemed so uneasy, Lindsay awoke him. He told us he did not remember saying anything about cross-mesmerising, but that the last thing he recollected was seeing a figure or form of some sort standing beside Lindsay. He also saw the figure. After some time, Lindsay mesmerised him again; as on the first occasion, he became very restless and excited; he extended his right arm, and kept it in that position for fully half an hour; Lindsay could not induce him to alter it. He spoke Arabic with great rapidity in long sentences, and occasionally repeated single words which I wrote down as well as I could. He appeared to be, or to think himself to be, under some influence more powerful than Lindsay. He said among other things, "Mabidah ('she won't'). Oh, dear, she won't come. Ta-âli, ta-âli ('come, come!')—word feminine and applicable to a woman only). Rahat! ('she is gone'). Allah! (God) Bedosh, or Behash (he won't, or she won't), Hakil Inglêse or Hekil Inglêse, or Yikkil Inglêse, or Hakal, Inglêse (English talk, or speak English, or

he speaks English, or he spoke English).” Lindsay repeatedly tried to make him speak English, but he said, “he won’t let me.” Lindsay endeavoured to influence him to move, but he always replied, “he won’t let me, I would if I could, but he won’t let me, he is so strong.” Presently he said, “Chalini! chalini! (leave me, leave me), don’t let him come near me.” Lindsay walked round in a circle, making passes, and said, “there, he cannot come inside that.” Mr. Bergheim said, “Ah, she has come,” and appeared to stroke and caress some one’s head and hair. “He cannot speak English and won’t let me.” “Ah, Ta-âli (oh, come) Chalini! chalini! (leave me, leave me) Rah, (he is gone). Oh, he has gone, and she has gone with him.” He appeared so distressed that Lindsay said, “I will awake him.” He sat up and said, “You cannot, he has gone, and you cannot awake me.” Lindsay began making upward passes, saying, “nonsense, of course I can awake you.” Mr. Bergheim shouted at him, “You cannot, you cannot, he must come back or I shall die, you cannot awake me; oh, bring him back.” Lindsay said, “All right, he shall come.” I opened the door and Lindsay added, “There, he has come.” Mr. Bergheim heaved a deep sigh, and said, “Oh, yes, he has come back,” he became quite quiet and soon awoke, but was in a nervous state for some time.<sup>1</sup>

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No. 74.—*Ashley House, April [1869].*

Last night soon after we had gone to bed, we both heard raps upon the wall. The alphabet was called for and the following messages given, “Come come, Dan, cheer up! You have been overdoing it lately, we intend giving you a rest from the day after to-morrow till the 29th; your power will be taken from you.” Home said, “I am sorry for it.” “We think it best,” was answered. Home went into a trance; he said, “Your grandfather is here,

<sup>1</sup> I mention the occurrences of this evening, as although outside the present limits of “Spiritualism,” they seem to bear a strong resemblance to what took place at Ashley House, mentioned in pp. 249, 250.

he is not pleased." He spoke to me for a long time, representing my grandfather, saying at the close of the conversation, "You must be prepared, boy, for some change; it seems that something will soon occur to alter your prospects." "Can you not tell what it is," I asked. "No we cannot tell you. Oh! it is nothing to do with your marriage; no, it just seems that something will occur to alter your plans, that is all." "I wish to ask a question," I said. "Do so," he replied. "Dan suddenly asked me yesterday, shuddering, to take my hand off the table where we were both writing; when I asked him some time after what his motive had been for doing so, he told me that my thumb was all covered with blood. Now, there was really no blood upon my thumb; was that merely a defect in Dan's vision, or the result of his imagination, or was there anything more in it?" After a pause Home answered, "We do not know what that could have meant, it might have been a foreshadowing of something, or merely the reflection of the red table cloth, or some purely physical effect of Dan's brain, or vision; we do not remember the occurrence—Stop! wait a minute" (after a pause), "Ah! Sacha says it was not imagination or deception on Dan's part, he was in one of those very curious conditions into which he sometimes falls, and it was a foreshadowing of something that will occur, blood will flow, you may perhaps cut your finger or something of that sort, it does not follow that it will be your thumb. Sacha sends all manner of love to Dan, and wishes you to tell him that he must not be low-spirited, more than he can help; it is not right, he has never wanted as yet, she says it is extremely unlikely that he will be permitted to want now." I said, "I want to ask your opinion about what occurred in Lindsay's room." "We do not know exactly to what you refer; but we will tell you about it some time or other. Dan is very weak and ill, we have been having a regular council about him." "I hope you will be able to do him good," I said. "Oh yes, we hope so, he is overworked; and he worries himself about leaving the house, and is distressed about a lot of jewels and precious stones. It

is not right of him to give way so, he should have more faith. Poor little L—— will we fear have a relapse, but she must not be cast down; she will get better again; she ought to be very careful not to do too much this summer.” “You mean in the way of society,” I observed, “seeing too many people?” “Yes, certainly. Your mother seems anxious about you; she says your position is not a very easy one; you have a difficult path to follow, and must be careful.” I said, “It seems hard that if I am in difficult circumstances I should have lost the advantage of her advice; there are so few people with whom I can take counsel.” “Ah, but that is just what she does not want you to feel. She says you have not lost the benefit of her advice; she can influence you. If you will, when in doubt as to what course to pursue, pray earnestly to God for guidance, and sit down quietly to think the matter over, she says you may be sure she will be there, and will be enabled to help you to form a right judgment. She smiles, and says, ‘You may even smoke your cigar you know, my boy, if you like; just sit down quietly by yourself, desiring earnestly and prayerfully to do what is right, and I am certain to be with you, and will endeavour to influence your mind so that you may come to a right conclusion about Bergheim.’ You need never be nervous at anything of that sort; no harm could have come of it; no spiritual influence could or would hurt him. You might have known that; you know how sensitive Dan is, and that he is continually subjected to all sorts of influences, at all times, even when walking in the streets; and yet you know they cannot harm him.” “But,” I said, “you spoke the other night of spirits having power even to kill a man: how do you mean then that no danger could ensue from a man becoming under a strong influence as Bergheim was, or as Dan often is.” “Insomuch as the man is willing, harm might come. As I told you the other night, if anyone were voluntarily to agree to certain conditions, were to submit themselves to a spiritual influence, to obtain a certain end, harm might ensue from that, but in no other way; Bergheim could not have been



hurt, he would have awoke all right, he is of a very nervous excitable temperament, that was the cause of it. Danger might arise in another way, a person might throw himself into a deep trance. If Dan in his present very weak condition were to will himself to go into a trance, he might do so, and the result might be disastrous, we are obliged to watch over him very closely. Dan will not awake, he will fall into a natural sleep now."

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*No. 75.—Séance, Grafton Hotel, Albemarle Street, May 26th*  
[1869].

At about 10 o'clock I went to the Comtesse de Pomar, and found already assembled and seated round the table the Comtesse de Pomar, Mrs. Crawford, Madame de Galiano, Mrs. H. Senior, Mr. Bergheim, and Home; they had had slight physical manifestations. One of the ladies was not very well, and another was expecting to be obliged to leave every minute—two circumstances which no doubt acted unfavourably upon the harmony of the party. Soon after my arrival Home went into a trance; he was apparently much distressed by the black crepe on Madame de Pomar's dress. Getting up, he took a black shawl that she had laid on a chair, and expressing by his countenance the greatest disgust, he opened the door of an inner room and threw the shawl down. On coming back he whispered as he passed me, "We do not like it at all—there is too much black. You see there are four what *you* call widows here; we cannot bear mourning." He stroked and patted my forehead; and going round to Mrs. —'s son, he bent over him, looked into his face and caressed his hair. He took a small round table that was standing in the corner of the room, and said, still in a whisper, "Paula and Marie must not have too much confidence in this, it is an undeveloped influence that communicates with them, and they are not fully developed as mediums, they must not place implicit reliance on what is told them, but use their own sense

about it." On returning to his chair—as he passed me—he clapped his hands (Adah Menken's sign), and whispered, "I hope you are very happy. It was not far from here that I met you." Mr. Bergheim and I were talking in a very low tone, about crystals, mirrors, and eastern magic in general, and the strange things that had occurred at Ashley House in connection with Mr. J——'s brother. Home became much agitated, gasped occasionally for breath, had difficulty in speaking, and made passes before him as if waving something off. "Oh," he said, "you must not talk of that, you bring such a fearful influence about you; the moment your minds are turned in that direction, the influence comes as it were pouring in, I wish you could understand this, you would see how necessary is prayer to bring a good influence about you; and if you wish for that which is bad, it will inevitably come. Oh, it is very dangerous, we cannot bear you to have anything with magic, that incense of blood is fearful." I interrupted him saying, "I have not used any incense." Home continued, "Oh, yes; I know, I know. You must not have anything to do with it; you do not know how dangerous it is. Pray leave that magic alone; what is the use of it? it is but curiosity and can do you no good. Would you place yourself in the power of the lowest men on earth? Would you bring the worst and most degraded of mortal influence about you? You would not; then why do so among spirits? I tell you you do not know the danger; they are so fearfully low, the very lowest and most material of all; you might almost call them 'accursed.' They will get a power over you that you cannot break through. Have nothing to do with it. Try and get a good influence about you, one that will raise and elevate you, not one to drag you down lower and lower. You would be afraid of the worst and most brutal of your fellow-men. You have more cause to fear those spirits who correspond to them if you encourage and let them gain power over you. No, *he* has not found it yet." Bergheim said to me, "Have you told him the story? how does he know anything about this?" Home laughed,

and speaking to Madame de Pomar said, "They are wondering at Dan speaking about subjects with which he is not acquainted, as if we did not know all about it." Turning to us he continued, "No, *he* has not found it, he has got your letter; yes I think he will answer it in a little time, he does not quite know what to do. I say again, have nothing to do with magic. Mind! there is a storm coming, if that box arrives, if the house is not burned or smashed to pieces it will be a wonder. Seek by prayer to repel evil influences, do not encourage them." Soon after, Home awoke. We had tolerably strong physical manifestations, but nothing remarkable occurred, and afterwards the three following messages were given through the alphabet, with short intervals between them: "*We find material hindrances impeding our manifestations.*" "*The influences are too various.*" "*We must, though reluctantly, say 'good night.'*"

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[The three following Séances are recorded by Lord Dunraven].

No. 76.—Séance, No. 7, Buckingham Gate, June 25th [1869].

Present:—Sir Robert Gore Booth, Augusta Gore Booth, Mrs. Honynwood, Arthur Smith Barry, Miss A—— P——, Miss C—— R——, Mr. Home, and myself. In a very short time vibrations and slight movements of the table occurred. These were followed by raps on and about the table. Augusta was lying on a low couch close to the ground. The five raps for the alphabet being given, we received the following message: "*The position of Augusta absorbs our atmosphere; raise her.*" We placed her couch on a sofa, and brought it up to the table. The sofa presently moved a few inches from the table, which was shortly moved up to it. She mentioned that the couch was shaken, and also that she was touched several times. Being just then strongly touched on the knee, I asked, "Has any one else been touched?" "*You,*" was immediately rapped out. Mr. Home remarking that the influence

seemed chiefly on one side, we received the following message: "*We are obliged to keep to this side of the table.*" This was on Augusta's side, opposite to that at which the two young ladies sat. Mr. Home remarking, that, if the white tablecloth was put on the table, hands might visibly move under the cloth, we accordingly put one on. He asked if there was an accordion in the room. Arthur Barry fetched one from the side-board, and placed it on the table. Some movements under the cloth were seen about the edge of the table near Augusta, and in other places. As no intimation was given about the instrument, Mr. Home took it, holding it with one hand as usual, at the under edge of the table. A sort of prelude was played with slight tremolo effect. We then had the following message, the letters being chiefly indicated by notes on the instrument: "*There is spiritual discord—we pray for harmony.*" The word discord was given by a horrid discord being played; while harmony was expressed by beautiful soft chords. While the playing was going on, Arthur Barry and the two young ladies were requested to look under the table to see how the instrument was held and moved. Just after the last message, we received the following: "*An undeveloped influence prevents our*" . . . . . here some slight break occurred, and then it went on, "*but with prayer—earnest prayer—we will dispel it.*" This was shortly followed by: "*We must dispel the discord; Arthur, sit opposite.*" He removed to the chair opposite Mr. Home, changing places with Sir Robert. Mrs. Honynwood was next to Mr. Home, and Sir Robert was next to her. Mr. Home's chair was partly turned round, and slight movements of the table and of Augusta's sofa took place. The alphabet being called for, the following message, addressed to Mr. Home, was given: "*You were surprised, Dan, that you were turned round; we wish to convince an undeveloped spirit that you could not trick, even if you wished to do so.*" Mr. Home expressed the greatest wonder what this could mean. "Convince a spirit," he said, "how very odd; an undeveloped spirit; I cannot understand it at all." He then reminded me of the *séance* in which he employed

the fire test to satisfy spirits (*No. 30*). I said, "Ask if any one else understands what this message signifies." He pointed to each of us; and when his hand was directed to me and to Mrs. Honywood, three raps were given. Some rather undecided indications were heard when opposite one of the young ladies. Soon after, this message was sent: "*Robert, change with Barbara*" (Mrs. Honywood). Slight movements were now seen under the cloth near Augusta, and near Sir Robert. Augusta was touched several times; Mr. Home remarking that this might be for some good purpose. We received the following: "*It is with intent to heal, and with God's aid we will.*" This was nearly all spelled out by notes on the accordion; each of the letters of the word "God" being indicated by very soft chords, and the last two words by very loud notes. This was followed by, "*Patience, darling.*" The accordion was now played with great power, like a sort of jubilant hymn. It was pulled with such force that Mr. Home was obliged to hold it with both hands. At one time it was drawn away till Mr. Home's arm was stretched out; the instrument being quite horizontal; the arm and accordion bending round the head of Augusta's couch. It also rested on the edge of the couch, and was played there. Then it was brought round across the table back to Mr. Home's body, and carried under the table. This was a curious manifestation. He placed it on the ground, and it moved about under the table, touching me and others. Soon after this, as Mr. Home was talking, he was arrested in the middle of a sentence—his words died away—his half outstretched arm seemed to become rigid, and he passed into the trance. He got up and walked about the room, apparently in a very uncomfortable state. Going over to the piano he played a few chords, but quickly left off, seeming cold and distressed. He again walked about for a little while, when, coming over to Augusta's sofa, he knelt down as if in prayer; then taking her hands he patted them, and made passes down her arm. After this he went behind Arthur Barry, and putting his hands on his head he exclaimed, "It is much too cold here!" He

next came and stood behind me for a few seconds, and then nearly behind Miss C. R.'s chair, when he delivered a short address, beautifully expressed; but of which unfortunately I retain but a slight recollection. Every word was admirably chosen, referring chiefly to this undeveloped spirit. He began something to this effect: That a home was once opened for the souls of men; but through sin it was closed and sealed. From the moment a man is born, the door of heaven is closed against him; but he is given a golden key which unlocks the golden gate by which he may enter in, and let out the golden waters of the lake. That key is prayer, through which our spirits force their way before the seat of God. That Spiritualism is not a subject for idle curiosity, but for steadfast pursuit. Then speaking of occupations, he said, that even such amusements as music, drawing, &c., if carried on too much, would lead you away from higher pursuits, and ought to be resisted. He ended by saying, "There is much we would see altered; you must pray; do not doubt; it will be done; only pray, all will come right." This was obviously addressed to the lady behind whose chair he stood. Turning to Arthur Barry he said, "You don't understand this now, but you will by-and-bye"; alluding no doubt to what will be explained further on. Approaching Mrs. Honeywood, he said, "Barbara, your father is here; you have been uneasy in your mind lately, but never mind, all shall be made smooth." Then putting his hand on Sir Robert's shoulder, he said, "You were touched by two hands, belonging to two very dear to you, one large, the other smaller and more delicate. Augusta, you felt a hand touching you, and a small pointed finger put into your hand (which she did); this was your grandmother; she is very much pleased; they would like to have done more, but they could not." Rapidly approaching me, he said with emphasis, "You knew well who was playing." After this he sat down and awoke, remarking how very silent we all were. No more manifestations occurred of any interest; one of the ladies left the room, and Mr. Home soon after said he felt tired, and we broke up the *séance*.

At supper one remarked that a chair was being moved to the table; while our attention was called to this, another chair moved rather quickly five or six feet to within a foot of the table, near Mr. Home. This was seen by all present. His chair was turned half round, and he took his feet off the ground while being moved. There were no further manifestations.

The occurrences which form the remarkable feature of this *séance* require explanation. Some days ago I had the opportunity of seeing Miss C—— R—— write, under supposed spirit-influence, in my presence. I obtained permission to put a few questions. Among them I asked, "What do you think of Mr. Home?" Miss R—— wrote instantly, "He has a certain degree of power, but a vast amount of trickery." In answer to another question was written, "He (Home) deceives people by pretending that he can call up the spirits of their friends, &c." These and other answers made me think that this was probably a deceitful spirit. The young lady being very anxious to be present at a *séance*, I invited her to this one, expecting that something curious would probably occur. I mentioned the circumstances to Mrs. Honywood, but neither she nor I had any communication with Mr. Home on the subject. At the *séance* he had no idea who she was. The reader will now perceive the remarkable drift of what took place. The first message bearing on the case was, "We are obliged to keep to this side of the table," that is, the side opposite Miss C—— R——. The next was, "There is spiritual discord, &c." Then followed that about the undeveloped influence; and afterwards in addition, the remarkable one addressed to "Dan" (Mr. Home) where the very word "*trick*" is employed which was written by Miss C—— R—— with reference to Mr. Home. These messages were, so to say, supplemented by the beautiful and pointed address uttered by Mr. Home, when in a trance, standing behind Miss R's. chair. Some days previous, I had mentioned to two friends, very conversant with spiritualistic manifestations, the character of several of the answers written through Miss C—— R——, and they both pronounced them to

proceed from an undeveloped or low spirit; one of a class which appears to be by no means uncommon, particularly with young or incipient mediums. These friends were ignorant of Miss R.'s name, or that she was to be at a *séance* with Mr. Home. They, it will be observed, used the word "*undeveloped*," the same as was employed in the messages this evening; and they both recommended the same remedy, as was urged by Mr. Home in the trance, namely earnest prayer. The table was lifted off the ground, but only a few inches. The drawer of the table on Augusta's side was suddenly opened.

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*No. 77.—Séance, No. 7, Buckingham Gate, July 1st [1869].*

Present :—The Dowager Duchess of St. Albans, Lady —, Mrs. Honywood, Mrs. Stopford, the Honourable Mrs. —, Arthur Smith Barry, Sir R. Gore Booth, Augusta Gore Booth, Mr. Home, and myself. We sat round the same table which we used on the last occasion, the room being lighted as before by one lamp, with the shade over it. We quickly had strong vibrations, and raps of various kinds, some of them very loud. I said, "I wonder if it is Dr. Elliotson?" "Yes," was answered by three loud raps. The table was slightly moved in different directions, and strongly tilted; but I observed that when inclined, objects slipped down it. The Duchess of St. Albans was touched, both audibly and visibly to others. The Duchess's scarf was pulled so strongly that she said had it not been for the brooch it would have been pulled off. Mrs. —, Mr. Home, and I were also touched. The accordion was taken by Mr. Home, and it commenced playing in the usual manner. Mr. Home said, "If you will ask for some air they will perhaps play it." The Duchess asked for "Home, sweet Home," which was given at first by single notes and afterwards by chords. The Duchess and Mrs. Stopford looked under the table while the instrument was being played. It was drawn about outside the table and back again. It was



placed in the Duchess's hands, and played when she alone held it. It was then put down under the table, where it moved about, touching different persons' feet. It came up on my legs, and I took hold of it. I asked was it the same spirit that played the other night, and was answered by the alphabet, "*A rude imitation only.*" After a little while we got the following: "*All present are loving friends and messengers from God.*" Part of this message was given by the accordion; the word God being indicated by soft chords. I asked if they would play the same air as they did at Adare. No reply was given. Mrs. Honywood's handkerchief was taken from her. Mrs. — felt a hand placed in hers.

Some time after this, a little pencil with which I had been writing dropped out of my hand, much to my surprise, and fell at my feet. I tried to find it, but could not. Shortly after, Mr. Home said, "I see a hand moving about the Duchess's shoulder." She felt something coming down over her shoulder, and we then perceived a slight object on the edge of the table cloth in front of her. I saw it come down, or placed there. Some one said, "It is a little pencil." "Oh," I said, "I dare say it is mine," which on examination it proved to be. We then got this message: "*We took it from Dunraven for you; take it.*" I gave the pencil to the Duchess. A drawer that was exactly opposite Lady D—, shot out quite suddenly, so as to startle her; this happened several times. It was also shut. Once it was opened so far, that although they tried they could not shut it. The cloth was moved as if by hands under it. Mr. Home saw hands, as did Mrs. —. She also saw dark forms behind the screen and near the door. Presently we received the following message, partly on the accordion: "*God bless you, One who watches over you*"; and then "*Oft in the stilly night*" was softly played. This was the air I alluded to when I asked if they would play the air they had played at Adare; but I was not the least thinking of it at this time. Soon after, Mr. Home went gradually into a trance. He got up, bandaged his eyes and walked about. He knelt down

beside Augusta, and patted her arms sharply, and made passes down them. He came round, and stood behind several of us. When between Arthur Barry and me, he spoke in a loud whisper, saying that Lady D—— might become a medium if she wished it; that she had decided mediumistic powers. I said, "Will she succeed?" "That depends," he replied, "entirely on herself, not upon us." He said that a beautiful spirit was standing near her, and that her power would be good, and the manifestations delicate in accordance with her nature, which is pure; he added more to the same effect. He also said to Smith Barry, "Arthur, the spirit that touched you was from D——'s influence." Then in a sort of side whisper, he said to me, "You will explain to them that Dan always calls people by their Christian names. A spirit, Arthur, pressed on your knee with one hand, while picking up the pencil with the other." He also said to Mrs. —, "I see the spirit of Arthur (her husband?), standing behind you." And he said something about George, which was, I believe, addressed to Mrs. Honywood. He then returned to his chair, and soon awoke. Scarcely the slightest manifestation occurred after this, and we left the table. At supper nothing took place. I omitted to state that the table was raised on one occasion at least 18 inches from the floor; also that a very curious manifestation occurred—an extraordinary rattling inside the drawer, very strong and loud. Our chairs also vibrated, and so did, once or twice, the floor. The variety of raps, and the strength and frequency of the vibrations at this *séance* were remarkable. The principal object aimed at appeared to be to convince the Duchess and Lady D——, by the physical manifestations, of the reality of some invisible power.

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No. 78.—*Séance*, 7, Buckingham Gate, July 7th [1869]

Present (in the order in which we sat):—The Dowager Duchess of St. Albans, Mr. Home, Mrs. Stopford, Sir R.

Gore Booth, Lady —, Capt. G. Smith, myself, Miss Gore Booth, and Mrs. Honynwood. We sat at the same table, and with the same light as before, but without the tablecloth. For some time we had but slight manifestations: they were merely vibrations and faint cold currents. I was touched twice, and hearing some one making a remark about being touched, I said, "Who was touched?" The alphabet was called for, and the word "*Dunraven*" was spelled out. Mr. Home then went into a trance; he bandaged his eyes; then walked about a little. Afterwards he appeared as if talking to a spirit, making a good deal of pantomime, occasionally placing his hands round the glass of the lamp, apparently to diminish the light; he then put it on the table. He sat down and began forming an alphabet, as he did at Garinish; after making a few letters he pushed the paper over to Captain Smith who completed it. He then gave us the following message by pointing at the letters: "*We will do the best we can, but the conditions are not favorable.*" Then, "*Elizabeth*" was spelled, which no one seemed to understand. Mr. Home then put the Duchess's scarf over his head and face, but soon removed it. He took her hand and placed it to his jaws to shew that they were locked, so that he could not speak. He then spelled out, "*You are too positive*"; and soon afterwards, "*There is a strange mixture of unbelief, not existing the last time we met.*" I remarked, "I think I know what may account for this difference"; alluding to my having in my pocket a relic which a friend had particularly requested me to wear. He pointed out this message: "*It matters but little to us; believe in God and love each other.*" Then underlining some of the letters, he put numbers, 1, 2, 3, &c., to several of them. He showed this to the Duchess, not wishing, apparently, that we should see what he was about; however, she did not seem to understand the meaning of what he did. It occurred to me to try the effect of putting away the relic, so I got up, and walking across the room, quietly placed it among some books on the sideboard. Mr. Home then pointed out the word "*Talk.*"

Soon after he got up; walked over to the sideboard, and returned and sat down. Then taking a piece of paper, he wrote in large letters, "Where did you put it?" I replied, "Can't you find it?" He went over again to the sideboard and came back, and, sitting down, showed me a cross which he wore, and which he partly drew out from his shirt collar. After this he took the lamp and placed it on the sideboard, and while there two of the party saw something in, or rather on one of his hands, when the hand was open. This must have been the relic. He afterwards returned to the chair and sat down. Captain Smith saw the relic on the table before Mr. Home sat down. We saw it become visible just before he placed his hands on each side of it. He then pushed it across the table to me. The relic is contained in a little circular box, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches diameter. Soon after this Mr. Home awoke.

We had vibrations of the table and raps. Mr. Home's chair was turned round; he took his feet off the ground, and was either lifted up bodily several inches, or elongated; but subsided almost immediately. Mr. Home asked for the accordion. He took it; and some chords were played, with a discord among them. We then received the following: "*Slight want of harmony.*" Mr. Home asked if any of us should change places; "Yes," was replied. Mr. Home, by pointing to us consecutively, made out that the Duchess was to change with him. The accordion was moved all round Mr. Home, and played some notes, when his arm was stretched out; it was placed at the Duchess's back, resting on her, and was played in that position. It was then drawn under the table, Mr. Home holding it, and was given to Lady —, who took it, and held it for a short time. Very faint sounds were heard; after which we got the message, "*Dan, take it.*" It played for a little time, and he then placed it under the table. Presently I felt a very sharp blow on the shin, and found the accordion had struck me. Mrs. Stopford being obliged to go, left the room. Mr. Home remarked that he was sure we should have better manifestations now. We almost directly received the following message by raps:

"We told you that the influences were contending; there is a change for the better." Mrs. Stopford's chair now moved up to the table. Captain Smith said he saw a form move it, and then sit in it. Three notes, for "Yes," were sounded on the accordion. The table was then slowly tilted to one side, and then the other, as if they were trying to lift it; it then ascended more than a foot, and with two or more lifts, something like what was done at Adare. After this the accordion was beautifully played with tremolo effect at the end. It was then put under the table. Sir Robert was touched by a hand that came from under the table cloth. Captain Smith saw a spirit form and hand coming from under the table. Mr. Home also saw hands. Captain Smith asked who was sitting at the other end of the room. The word "*Father*" was spelled out; also "*William*." This word was given by Lady —'s dress being pulled. Captain Smith said, "There is a reason why the chair moved up to the table; will you tell us?" No answer. "Do I know it?" "Yes" was rapped out. Then, "*Sit at a small table four*." Mr. Home then pointed to us all to know who should go, and the Duchess, Lady —, Sir Robert, and he were chosen by raps. The small table was tilted into Mr. Home's lap. They then were told by raps, "*Put a bit of paper on the table*." This they did. They took the cloth off, and the table was raised above 45° on one side, when the paper slipped. It was replaced. The table was again inclined and the paper was slowly moved, rather up, then in different directions. After this the paper became luminous; it was probably the hand holding it. The table was then inclined almost vertically, but the paper did not move. The table was also made to feel light or heavy according to the wish of the persons present. This was done very strongly. They now sent the following message by raps:—"They do this to let you see (a pause), now return to the large table." Very soon we had the following:—"We are called away nearer God, good night." We then left the table, at which we had been sitting for two hours and a half. At supper we were talking about Lady —'s glove being lost last

evening, and upon some one asking whether it had been found, some one else said, "I wish the spirits would tell us what became of it." Then we began talking about Mr. Home looking for the relic, and how it was brought to the table, whether by him or by a spirit. The subject continuing we were sent the following:—"He had it in his hand at the side-board, but we placed it on the table." These messages corroborated Captain Smith's opinion that Home did not place it there. Raps were heard all about, on the table, near the ceiling, and in different places. We received the following:—"The reason he could not find it was that another spirit had taken it and brought it to the table." Then immediately followed, "And we are very good, are we not, Dan?" Upon which Mr. Home laughed immoderately, as did also Mrs. Honynwood. It was all a mystery to us, but afterwards he told us the meaning of the message. It was about the prettiest manifestation of the evening, but unfortunately I am precluded from giving any explanation. Mrs. Honynwood knew the circumstances of the case, and what the spirits meant by their forbearance in Dan's favour.

The cross which Mr. Home wore round his neck, and which he exhibited to me when he gave me the relic, was a Russian one, bearing this inscription, "In Thee O Lord have I placed my trust, hell and the powers thereof may strive, but Thou art mighty and shalt prevail." The relic is said to contain a portion of the true cross.

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The following interesting details were furnished to me by Captain G. Smith. "It was quite at the beginning of the *séance* that I saw an object without apparent form move near you under the table, and approach Miss Gore Booth. Home said, 'I think they are trying to form hands.' The answer, 'Yes,' was faintly rapped out. Previous to Mrs. Stopford leaving the room, indeed almost from the commencement, I had seen a tall spirit sometimes standing against the window nearest the door, sometimes sitting in an arm chair between the window and

the door. When Mrs. Stopford arose to go, he arose from his arm chair, and swept forward to the door. I fancied he was going out with her, but he returned to the chair. The impression made on my mind was that, for some good reason, he was prevented from entering the circle. When Mrs. Stopford left the room, the large table in the centre covered with flowers and books moved twice, each time nearer Mr. Home and the Duchess, and on each occasion he moved his arm chair too; I think no one saw this latter movement but myself. It was then as if to frustrate any further attempts on his part to enter the circle, that Mrs. Stopford's chair was taken by a spirit (in appearance like a pillar of cloud), and moved up to the table. When the door was opened for supper, the spirit in the arm chair passed out in front of me."

## ADDENDA.

### No. 1.

Captain Gerard Smith has kindly furnished me with the following notes relative to the *séances* at which he was present :—

On p. 165, the hand which brought the sprig of box was distinctly visible as it pushed the curtains aside, which partially overhung the window, and at our request it was again subsequently shown on the table, close to where Home was sitting.

P. 167, with regard to the footnote, I am able distinctly to state, that the only occasions upon which Home left the room were to fetch the lemon, and at the conclusion of this particular manifestation, to replace it in the spot he had taken it from.

No. 49, p. 171. When I entered the room Home was walking about with the accordion held in his left hand only, and it was playing; not a distinct air, but a plaintive kind of dirge, now loud, and then dying away till it became inaudible. When the spirit moved from Lord Adare's side it seemed to pass over the table with a sound like the rustling of silver paper; Home then rose and stood at the window with his right arm extended, and the spirit seemed to sweep down until it rested with both hands on his outstretched arm, looking up into his face. From the position in which I sat, the profile of the face was perfectly visible to me, and when the two faces approached each other to kiss, there was no apparent difference in the degree of density of the two figures.



I have nothing further to add. The remainder of the manifestations which occurred when I was present, have been most accurately and truthfully described.

GERARD SMITH,  
Captain, Scots Fusilier Guards.

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No. 2.

I have collected a few cases, illustrating some of the most extraordinary of the phenomena, mentioned in the preceding *séances*.

The following remarkable case of the fire test has been kindly furnished me by Mrs. S. C. Hall:—

“15, Ashley Place,

“July the 5th, 1869.

“Dear Lord Dunraven,—You have requested me to recall the circumstances of a *séance* that took place here several weeks ago. I have much pleasure in doing so, but I never take notes. I am, however, certain of the facts; though I shall not be able to place them in the order in which they occurred.

“We were nine (a greater number than Mr. Home likes); we were seated round the table as usual, in the small drawing room, which communicates with a much larger room; the folding doors were pushed back into the wall, and the portiers unclosed. I think there was one lamp burning over the table, but a very large fire was blazing away in the large room—I know there was a great deal of light. The Master of Lindsay, the Rev. Mr. Y——, and his wife, Mr. Hall and myself, Mr. Home, and the Misses Bertolacci were present. We sat for some little time before the tremulous motion that so frequently indicates stronger manifestations commenced, but it was quickly followed by raps, not only on the table, but in

different parts of the room; the table was moved up and down,—lifted perfectly off the ground—made ‘light’ and ‘heavy’ at the request of one or two of the gentlemen present; and after the lapse of, I suppose, nearly an hour, Mr. Home went into a trance. Presently he pushed his chair, or his chair was pushed away—quite away from the table. He got up; walked about the room in his usual manner; went to the fire-place; half knelt on the fender stool; took up the poker and poked the fire, which was like a red-hot furnace, so as to increase the heat; held his hands over the fire for some time, and finally drew out of the fire, with his hand, a huge lump of live burning coal, so large that he held it in *both* hands, as he came from the fire-place in the large room into the small room; where, seated round the table, we were all watching his movements. Mr. Hall was seated nearly opposite to where I sat; and I saw Mr. Home, after standing for about half a minute at the back of Mr. Hall’s chair, deliberately place the lump of burning coal on his head! I have often since wondered that I was not frightened; but I was not; I had perfect faith that he would not be injured. Some one said—‘Is it not hot?’ Mr. Hall answered—‘Warm, but not hot!’ Mr. Home had moved a little away, but returned, still in a trance; he smiled and seemed quite pleased; and then proceeded to draw up Mr. Hall’s white hair over the red coal. The white hair had the appearance of silver threads, over the red coal. Mr. Home drew the hair into a sort of pyramid, the coal still red, showing beneath the hair; then, after, I think, four or five minutes, Mr. Home pushed the hair back, and, taking the coal off Mr. Hall’s head, he said (in the peculiar low voice in which, when in a trance, he always speaks), addressing Mrs. Y——, ‘Will you have it?’ She drew back; and I heard him murmur, ‘Little faith—little faith.’ Two or three attempted to touch it, but it burnt their fingers. I said, ‘Daniel, bring it to me; I do not fear to take it.’ It was not red all over, as when Mr. Home put it on Mr. Hall’s head, but it was still red in parts. Mr. Home came and knelt by my side; I put

out my right hand, but he murmured, 'No, not that; the other hand.' He then placed it in my left hand, where it remained more than a minute. I felt it, as my husband had said, 'warm'; yet when I stooped down to examine the coal, my face felt the heat so much that I was obliged to withdraw it. After that Mrs. Y—— took it, and said she felt no inconvenience. When Mr. Hall brushed his hair at night he found a quantity of cinder dust. Mr. Home was elongated, and all the manifestations that evening were very remarkable; but I believe your Lordship requested me to relate only what I remember of the coal test.

"Dear Lord Dunraven, sincerely yours,

"ANNA MARIA HALL."

(Mrs. S. C. Hall.)

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*No. 3.*

The following is an additional case of the fire test witnessed at a *séance* held at Lady Louisa ——'s, at Brighton, furnished me by the Countess M. de Pomar. Lady Gomm has permitted me to make use of her name in corroboration of the statement about the red-hot coal being placed in her hand.

"Mr. Home went into a trance; he walked about the room; played the piano; stood behind Mr. Douglas's chair, who also went into a sleep or trance; and Mr. Home appeared to be speaking with some one about him, and to magnetize him; he said it was for his good, and would remove his headache finally. Mr. Home went to the fire and took out a large red-hot mass of coal, which he held in his extended hands, and blew up to keep it alight. He walked up and down the room with it, then went to Lady Louisa and wanted to put it in her hands, but she drew back. He then said, 'No, you must not have it, for if you have no faith, it will burn you.'

Lady Gomm extended her hands, saying, 'I will take it without fear, for I have faith.' Mr. Home then placed the burning mass in her hands, and she did not feel it at all, although she held it for at least one minute. It was afterwards put on a sheet of paper which directly began to blaze and had a great hole burned in it."

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